VOL. 1 NO. 3

Voices of Peace

May, 1920
Raleigh, N. C.

From
Catherine B. Sloan '47
for
Anabel Sloan '20
See page 85

VOICES OF PEACE

A Literary Magazine Published Quarterly by
The Sigma Phi Kappa and Pi Theta Mu Literary Societies
of Peace Institute

Volume 1 Number 3

MAY
1920

Subscription $1.00 a Year. Single Copies 35 Cents

Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice
at Raleigh, N. C.

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VOICES OF PEACE

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WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

As our school year closes, each of us unconsciously turns to the making of plans for the summer vacation, and for the school year which is to follow. Are we going to make plans that will count for something in our lives? Or are we going to let the time pass with nothing done of which we may feel justly proud?

Some of us will leave school to spend the vacation in various pleasures and to return again in the fall. Let us bring back with us new ideas and inspirations which will help us in our school life next year. Let us remember, in our pleasures during the summer, to gain from them not only recreation, but ideas that will build up our school.

Others of us are leaving Peace for good. As we go out, let us take with us a firm determination to win out in whatever we shall attempt. Whether we continue our studies or apply our efforts in some other line, let us resolve not to lose out in the game. Let us make our lives count for something.

APPLES AND APPLE PIES

A comical little figure, clad in a faded red shirt minus one sleeve, and tattered blue overalls, walked leisurely down the middle of the road and jingled three silver dollars in his left trousers pocket, the only pocket not afflicted with holes. For three solid weeks, Smutty had worked faithfully in Deacon Stubbs' blacksmith shop, and now his reward had come—three dollars. Smutty was thinking hard. Should he go to the circus next week, or should he buy skates? Three dollars was a very awkward amount. Obviously, it was too much to spend entirely on the circus, and he was afraid it was not enough to purchase the skates. So a compromise was necessary: fifty cents would take him to the circus, and the remainder could be saved to apply on the skates when he had more money.

Satisfied with the decision, the little darky began to whistle "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," when suddenly a delightful odor greeted his sensitive nostrils and he stopped short in his tracks. Almost overhanging the high board fence of Doctor Mose Jenkins' orchard was an apple-tree limb, laden with large, ripe fruit. The boy gazed at it longingly, and then in every direction to see if the old colored physician were anywhere around. Then, without more ado, he clambered to the top of the fence, in easy reach of the best apples. He hastily selected a dozen, and, after looking furtively around again to see if he had been observed, proceeded on his way.

The thief had just succeeded in easing his conscience, when he spied a boy about his own size, a short distance down the road. The dusty, grey-sweatered figure sidled along, in one grimy hand clutching a discarded cigar stump, and with the other shying a rock at a stray cat. Smutty knew well enough

who it was; it was Jimmie Brown, the meanest white boy in town. Smutty immediately crossed to the other side of the road.

Jimmie, observing the maneuver, also crossed.

"Hello, Smutty," was his salutation.

"Lo," growled Smutty.

"Gimme a apple!"

The negro attempted to pass, but the white boy again demanded:

"Gimme a apple!"

"I ain't no apple factory. Go git one yerself!" He dodged by, and dashed down the road, with the other boy at his heels.

An apparently innocent, inoffensive, and uninteresting rock lay in their path. With a yell of pain the forward racer went down, and twelve apples, slightly bruised, were buried in the dust. The pursuer grabbed the fruit and darted away. Meanwhile, the defeated one sat mournfully on the rock, bewailing his fate and nursing his toe. Anxiously remembering the money, he thrust his hand into the depths of his pocket. The three dollars were safe, and again he smiled peacefully.

Nevertheless, the robbed thief still had an ardent desire for apples, so he traced his steps backward along the road, in the hope of having another chance. This was not to be, however, for Doctor Jenkins was himself gathering some fruit, and Smutty marched manfully past.

. . . . . .

Jimmie's mother was busy preparing dinner when the man of the house appeared in the doorway, clasping a dozen apples to his bosom.

"Oh, ma, look what ole Doc Jenkins gimme!" dumping the apples on the table. "Won't you cook some apple pies?"

The proud mother surveyed her descendant, thinking that, during her whole life, she had never seen a better and handsomer boy.

"Why, bless your heart, you know I will! And you see what you get for being kind to colored folks, like I allus taught you to be." Jimmie fingered a beanshooter which bulged from his pocket. This beanshooter had not many days ago seen service in transporting a rock from the deft fingers of its owners to the woolly head of Doctor Jenkins.

. . . . . .

Smutty had unconsciously wandered back into town and presently found himself in front of the Brown's residence. Here he faintly detected a scent of apples—of apple pie.

Cautiously making his way towards the rear of the house, the boy was delighted to see three beautiful pies sitting in the kitchen window. If only there were no one inside! The piccaninny raised himself carefully up on a soap box and peeped in. The room was empty. The little black head disappeared, and the pies with it.

Three pies are entirely too many for a boy to eat at one time, but Smutty felt it his duty to break all records. The third pie at last disappeared, and a distrustful boy wended his way homeward.

"Chile, whar on earth has ya been? Dinnah's done been done foh two living hours!" inquired his mother.

"I don' want no dinnah, nohow," he answered.

She looked upon him with amazement at this astonishing announcement, and set about her work with a wrinkled brow. Such a thing was unheard of in the Hooker household.

Throughout the afternoon, Smutty assumed a most serious air, but in response to his mother's inquiries concerning the cause thereof, invariably replied, "Nuthin." The wrinkles in Mrs. Hooker's brow increased in number and depth.

Night came, and the boy grew worse. At last his mother became too worried to stand the strain any longer, and sent for Doctor Jenkins.

"Well, ma'am, I don't think there is much the matter with him except a case of temporary indigestion. He's eaten too much of the same thing—maybe apples."

There was a suspicious gleam in the physician's face as he said this. The absence of the dozen apples had not gone unnoticed.

"What has yo been eatin' now, yo little black scoundrel? Tell me or I'll tan yer hide!"

The boy's eyes wandered from the woman's face to that of a big black cat.

. . . . . .

A mile away in the city Mrs. Brown had just concluded the administering of a full dose of hickory to her son.

"And I told you to leave them pies alone till supper!"

"But, maw, I didn't eat 'em! I declare, I didn't!" he weepingly protested.

"Don't lie to me like that! They're gone and I know where!" She struck him with the switch once more.

. . . . . .

Doctor Jenkins at length finished writing a prescription.

"Take two every half hour," he explained. "My fee is three dollars."

"Smutty, give the doctor the money you made down at Deacon's. I ain't agoin' to pay for it!"

Smutty drew the money from his pocket regretfully, and muttered, "A dozen apples at three dollars a dozen! Wah prices!"

Mozelle Markham, '21.

OWED TO SPRING

(Apologies to Tennyson)

Though to love a young man's fancy
  Lightly turns in early spring—
To a maiden, very different
  Are the thoughts the season brings.

In the spring, the fragrant South-wind
  Gently sways the budding rose—
In the spring a maiden's fancy
  Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes.

Then a maiden thinks of ribbons,
  Thinks of hats and silken hose;
And a maid buys jars of cold cream,
  For the freckles on her nose.

But when she is clothed in raiment
  Which outshines the burnished dove;
Then, at last, a maiden's fancy
  Lightly turns to thoughts of love.

J. McG., '21.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

The big, full, yellow moon made a long, golden pathway on the water's shimmering surface. All over the river the crests of little waves danced and gleamed in the soft radiance. The box-like bathing-house stood like a sentinel at the water's edge. Near it, a gay naphtha launch rested, as if rocked to sleep by the gentle motion of the waves. The fresh odor of marsh grass floated on the cool, night breeze. At the end of a broad, white walk, and almost hidden by moss-covered oaks, stood an old, Colonial house. From the depths of the stateliest oak, a mocking bird trilled and whistled its everchanging song, then, with a soft whir, darted away. On the broad veranda of the big, white house, a house party of young people gaily laughed and chatted.

"Weren't those trout, that we caught this morning, just great?" enthusiastically inquired tall, brown-haired Billy, as he balanced his strong, lithe body on the banister. "Molly, I don't wonder that you never leave in the summer and go to the mountains."

"Well, of course," said pretty, auburn-haired Molly, "I think that Thunderbolt is the nicest place in the world."

"Oh, yes," said a giddy-looking little blonde in a thin, slightly querulous soprano, "I know that you have a good time in the summer, when you have such lots of company and can go fishing and everything. But, I'll just tell you, I wouldn't *live* here for anything. I'd move into Savannah so that I could have a big time!"

"Well, everything depends upon what you mean by a 'big time,'" laughed Molly, in her soft, full voice. "I don't mind being by myself, for I can always read or sew; and

whenever there is anything really good in the city, Father always takes me in to see it."

"I don't care," continued the little blonde, with a shrug of her thin shoulders. "I'd die, if I had to stay here in the winter time. It's too lonesome for me."

"Talking about lonesome," said a fat, good-natured boy, "Whose house is that down the road? The yard is a regular wilderness. I'm not strong on imagination, but I could almost believe that's haunted."

"It *is* haunted!" exclaimed Molly, her brown eyes, bright with excitement. "It *is* haunted!"

"Aw, now, Molly," teased Billy, laughing at her earnestness, "you know you don't believe in 'hants'!"

"Yes, I *do* believe that house is haunted! Old Mr. and Mrs. Earl used to live there. Last year Mr. Earl died, and so Mrs. Earl went to live with kin people in Florida. And for the last month the old man's ghost has haunted the house."

"Molly, I'm afraid old Mammy Sue has made you superstitious," insisted Billy, grinning indulgently at Molly's earnest, young face. "Now you know that is all stuff and nonsense."

"You can say 'stuff and nonsense,' if you want to," replied Molly, with a stamp of her little, white-clad foot." I happen to know that Frank Saunders decided to stay there one night last week. Just at midnight he heard some one walking and dragging chains after him. Now there!"

"Ah, rats! and I just bet he ran," disdainfully replied Billy.

"Yes, he *did* run," she admitted, "and I don't blame him one bit! I just dare *you,* Mr. Billy Carter, to go there and spend the night!"

"She has you, Bill!" chuckled one of the boys. "I wouldn't take a dare like that, old fellow."

"Yes, we all dare you to go!" chorused the others.

"All right," consented Billy, "here goes," and, whistling a gay, little tune, he marched off up the Augusta gravel road.

As Billy entered the weedy yard, the old house looked very ghostly in the moonlight, and strange shadows moved stealthily in the overgrown shrubbery. Billy, however, assured himself that he was not the least bit afraid. With a firm step, he strode up to the big door. He turned the knob, and, with a weird creak, the door swung slowly in. Damp, musty air greeted Billy, but he marched determinedly on and into the large, old sitting-room. The stale, damp air, sent little shivers up and down his spine. By the faint moonlight, that filtered through the closed blinds, he saw dimly the ghost-like forms of linen-swathed furniture. Groping his way, he touched the cool, smooth cloth and drew back in sudden horror. "Don't be silly!" he told himself, and sat down gingerly on a hard, cold chair. There he sat, it seemed, for ages. Rats ran and squeaked in the walls; some times it sounded as if they were playing croquet. Far off he heard the hum of the trolley, as it made its hourly trips to and from the city. When the eleven o'clock car clanged off, Billy heaved a sigh of relief. By this time the moon had waned, and Billy was left in pitchy blackness. Would the night never end! All was deadly still.

Hoo-oo-oo-oo! came from just outside the window. Billy's hair stood on end; his knees shook. He strained his eyes to see the awful monster, but all was black around him.

Hoo-oo-oo-oo! came the doleful cry again.

"Aw, shucks, what a fool you are, Bill, not to know a screech owl, when you hear it! I must have gone to sleep," he muttered to himself.

Just then the midnight trolley clanged in.

"Well," said Billy," twelve o'clock, and nothing's happened yet."

Stealthy footsteps sounded above. Chains grated across the floor. *Tip, tip, tip,* the hollow footsteps descended the stairs and drew nearer and nearer. Billy froze to his chair, as if chained there. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came. Billy's knees shook; his fingers trembled; cold and hot waves tingled over his tense body; red and green lights danced before his peering eyes; and cold perspiration stood in beads on his forehead. A cold, bony hand grasped his shoulder! A shiver of terror shook his body! Billy tried to move, but his numb limbs refused to move. He tried to shake off the awful grip, but the iron clasp only tightened. Slowly he fumbled in his pocket for a match. He searched in first one pocket and then another, until he finally found two. With nervous fingers he tried to strike one. It broke in two! Cautiously he struck the other, while the iron grasp still held his shoulder. The match flared, and Billy turned slowly around like someone in a dream. To his horror, two beady eyes in a dark face gleamed at him. A wide-spreading mouth grinned at him. Then by the flickering light he saw the thin, hairy body and, tied to the foot of the creature, a long, heavy chain. The match burnt out.

"Well, old chimpanzee," said Billy weakly, "you gave me a scare! So you're the ghost! I'll just tie you by this chain that you've brought with you. Wonder how on earth you got here, anyhow," and in the darkness Billy fumblingly tied the chimpanzee to a heavy lounge.

With a light heart he walked quickly home. When almost there he met all the young men of the house party.

"Why, what's all this?" inquired Billy.

"Well," replied the sandy-haired boy, grinning sheepishly. "Molly just wouldn't let anybody have any peace. She's been crying all night, so we came after you. Have you any experiences to relate?"

But Billy only replied provokingly, "You just wait and see!"

The next night all were gathered around the supper table. The fried chicken, fresh butter, salad, vegetables, hot rolls, and batter cakes looked good to the hungry, tired crabbers. From the head of the long table Molly's beautiful mother beamed happily upon every one.

"Now, come on, Billy," teased the sandy-haired boy, "tell us about the ghost."

"Yes, indeed," chorused the others. "How does a ghost look?"

But Billy only chuckled and helped himself to more hot batter cakes and Georgia cane syrup.

"Now, you leave Billy alone," said Molly's mother, "and let him enjoy his supper."

"We never have seen a ghost, and I think he ought to tell us what it is like," said the little blonde peevishly.

"Humph, I don't believe he stayed to see the ghost," teased Molly. "I bet he left just as soon as he heard its footsteps. Now, didn't you, Billy?"

"Don't see why you can't let a fellow eat his supper in peace," grumbled Billy.

"That's all right *for you*," taunted Molly. "We won't ever believe that you stayed long enough to see anything."

"Oh, well, let's leave him alone," said one of the boys. "What's the program for tonight?"

The door opened and in came Molly's father. "Look here!" he exclaimed, as he spread a newspaper before their astonished gaze. All heads bent over the paper.

Thrilling Experience of Young Man at Thunderbolt

"A young man at Thunderbolt spent the night in a haunted house. Just at twelve the ghost came and grasped the young man's shoulder. But the ghost proved to be the chimpanzee that escaped from Barnum and Bailey's circus, when it was

in the city not long ago. The brave young man securely fastened the animal by his chain and then returned to Mr. and Mrs. Brown's house, where he is a guest."

"Oh-h-h!" gasped Molly. "Why didn't you tell us? Suppose it had hurt you!"

"Yes, I tell you, I just wouldn't *live* here for anything. You have bats and bugs and now chimpanzees!" shrieked the little blonde.

LILY WINN, '22.

TO PEACE'S IVY

Ivy of dear Peace, growing steadily,
  Of every life thou art a part;
Thy tendrils, as they grow through all the years;
  Reach out, and twine 'round every school-girl's heart.

Traditions, memories of the long ago,
  Hopes each departing class has planted with thee,
Have found expression in thy perfect growth,
  And stand, developed, for the world to see.

So may our lives, as they broaden each day,
  Influence everything, both near and far,
To become beautiful through contact with them;
  May Peace's ivy be our guiding star!

L. A. S., '21.

A REMINISCENCE

If my elders are a little inclined to smile at the idea of one not yet in her twenties recalling with something of sadness her childhood days, let me remind them that it is of the ages between six and twelve that I speak—years which seem very far behind, and which held nothing of responsibility or sense of duty to mar their pleasure.

As a very young child, I was fond of visiting my aunt's home in the country, and most of my vacations were spent there in company with my country cousin. The amount of mischief that we could create in one day was remarkable. My uncle being a Presbyterian minister, the family resided at the Manse, a large white house set in the midst of a magnificent grove.

My cousin, who was a few years my senior, was often inclined to take advantage of my "sublime ignorance"; for instance, telling me that the noise which I heard when we were playing in the woods, was a lion, when in reality it was only an old black cow crashing through the bushes.

Another time, I was sorely puzzled as to why the hens always insisted on laying in the right-hand nest in the loft, which was Mary's property, instead of in the left-hand one, which I claimed. This happened daily, until finally I suggested that we change with each other. Immediately, the hens took to the other nest, and I decided that the perverse creatures simply did not like me. My cousin solved the problem for me, some years later, by reminding me that she always mounted the loft in advance, thereby giving herself time to place all the eggs in one nest.

I often wonder if my aunt was puzzled as to why we were so willing and eager to make our bed after breakfast, instead

of going out to play. The reason was very simple. The bed in which we slept was what is called a "four-poster," and had formerly had a pair of miniature steps with which one was enabled to ascend to the sleeping quarters. The posts had been somewhat lowered so that the steps could be done away with, but the bed was still very high and was topped by a huge feather bed. The attraction lay in the feather-bed. By dint of much beating and patting, we would get it into the proper shape, and then, climbing on the foot-rail of the bed, would balance for a precarious minute and plunge headlong into the billowy mass. This performance we would repeat again and again; until finally we would weary of our sport, and, smoothing the covers and giving the pillows a few gentle pats, would descend the stairs with the calm air of satisfaction which comes from a sense of duty performed.

One of our favorite pastimes was to go out in the grove after a heavy rain, and, with an umbrella over our heads, stand under the trees and shake the water from the limbs. Despite the fact that I always knew what was coming, I was scarcely ever quick enough to escape when Mary darted out from under the tree with the umbrella, and left me to the deluge.

Not being averse to a slight difference in color, we sometimes permitted the cook's little daughter, who went by the cognomen, Odessa, to join us. Subject, of course, to all our orders. Dess, as she was conveniently called, always played a minor part, such as the baby, when we were playing house. As the youthful member of the family, Dess was subject to many spankings administered by the parental arm. This form of punishment was always submitted to by the victim, with mild indifference, unless it were an occasion when the arm of justice descended a little too strongly, at which time the young Ethiopian would burst into loud sobs. Hoping

to quell the disturbance, I would rush to the house for a stick of candy as a peace offering, but on my return, the sobs having subsided, I would calmly devour the morsel myself.

I might recall many other incidents of like nature, which left no distinct impression upon me at the time, but which served, nevertheless, to broaden my childish experience, and which I think of now with the same pleasant regret with which I shall doubtless look back on my present life when I shall have reached the "last of life for which the first was made."

Jean McGinn, '21.

COMMENCEMENT

'Tis the day before commencement,
And dear old Peace rejoices;
Peace is jolly "Laughter,"
And the girls, her many voices.

'Tis the day of our commencement,
The best yet saddest. Why?
The voices still are happy,
But Peace is just "Goodbye."

'Tis the day that follows commencement,
The world seems sad and gray;
Peace silent stands; she's "Lonesomeness"—
The girls have gone away.

—M. C. H., '23.

THE QUEST OF THE PRINCESS ANNETTE

Once upon a time there lived a king who had only one daughter. She was very beautiful and everybody loved her. The king was old and anxious for Annette, his only daughter, to marry. He sent for several very powerful princes from the neighboring kingdoms and then he called Annette to him and told her to choose one of them for a husband. Annette would not consent to this. Instead, she inveigled her father into letting her go alone, with the exception of one maid, to search for a suitable husband. Annette and her maid started on their search early the next day. They journeyed all day, and as the sun was setting they grew very tired and hungry. At one side of the road was a beautiful glass castle, and the maid begged Annette to go in and ask for a night's lodging, but Annette would not do it. She wanted to ask aid only of those people whom she could repay for their kindness. They hadn't gone much farther when they came to a little old cabin. Annette descended from her horse, walked up to the door of the cabin, and knocked. Her knock was answered by a little, ugly dog.

"What can I do for you?" said the little dog.

Annette told the dog that she wanted a place where she and her maid might spend the night.

"Very well," said the dog, and led the way into a little room. "There is bread and milk on the table for you."

Annette thanked him, and she and her maid began to eat their supper.

The next morning, before continuing their journey, Annette thanked the dog and asked him what she could do to repay him for his kindness.

"Carry me with you," said the dog.

The maid objected seriously, and told Annette that if she allowed the dog to go with her, she would not go.

"Ungrateful creature," said Annette, "go then, and I will continue my search with the dog. He will be at least faithful."

Annette and the dog had not gone far when they came to a kingdom where much excitement prevailed over the disappearance of the king's son six months before, when he had left the palace to search for a wife. Now the king was ill and his son couldn't be found anywhere.

Annette and the dog were very hungry. As they were passing by the palace of the king, the dog ran through the gate and into the kitchen, and, seizing a ham in his mouth, came running out again. The servants ran after him. The poor little dog jumped into his mistress' arms. Annette was very much surprised when, the next instant, some servants of the king seized her and took her into the palace. There, because she would not allow the dog to be killed, the king gave orders to have her executed. Unless she could perform the three tasks that he assigned to her, she would not be freed from this punishment.

The first day she had to find some medicine that would cure the king. She was awe-stricken when she was told this, but, as she sat by the only window in her cell, her little dog came running up and said, "Don't worry, Annette. Just put me out of the window, and in one hour I will return with the medicine."

In exactly one hour, much to Annette's surprise, the dog returned with a bottle of magic medicine in his mouth. That night when the servant came after the medicine Annette handed him the bottle and said, "After the king has taken three doses he will be entirely cured."

The next day there was much rejoicing, and Annette was told it was because the king was himself once more.

The servant came in again and told her that her task for

the day was to find a ring that the prince, the king's only son, had worn when the king had last seen him. Annette thought this task was quite impossible and began to weep, but the dog said, "This task, also, is very easy. If you will only lift me out of the window, I will find the ring for you and be back in less than an hour.

True to his word, in less than an hour the dog returned with the ring. When Annette handed it to the servant he was nearly speechless. "Tomorrow," he said, "don't fail to bring the prince to the king."

That night Annette could not sleep for worrying. What would become of her!

"My Princess," said the dog, "don't worry so much. If, at the rising of the sun, you will lift me out of the window, I will find the prince for you. You have been good to me, and it is my fault that you suffer so much."

So at the rising of the sun the dog left to hunt for the prince.

Annette waited all day long, but in vain. She was wondering what was to become of her, when the little dog jumped in at the window, and said, "Annette, the prince refuses to come, unless you promise to be his wife."

Annette, discouraged and longing to return to her father's palace, but unwilling to return without a husband, finally consented to marry the prince.

When she turned around, instead of the dog, there stood the prince himself. "At last I have found my princess and am out from under the spell of a wicked witch, who changed me into a dog."

"And my search is ended and you have freed me also."

"Now, I should like to show my princess to my father, the king."

The king was very happy to see his son again, and gave orders to prepare a big wedding feast.

LUCY W. COOPER.

I WISH I WUZ

I wish I wuz a little rat
  A livin' in a school.
I'd do 'most every single thing
  That wuz against the rule.

I'd sit up late 'most every night,
  And eat, and eat, and eat;
And then I'd plunder round about,
  To see what I could meet.

I'd make just lots and lots of fuss,
  And walk with stately grace,
To see if I could scare a girl
  By running 'cross her face.

I wish I wuz a little rat,
  Instead of what I am;
I would not fear a single soul—
  Not even Miss Graham.

—A. S., '20.

BLACKBERRY JAM AND BETTINA

"Bettina! oh, Bettina! Where are you? Come here to me this minute!" Young Mrs. Nelson's voice, coming from the region of the pantry, rang shrilly through the house, and caused a sudden stir of the cretonne frills surrounding the living-room couch. But there was no answer to her repeated calls, and she came into the room, a frown on her pretty face. With practiced eyes, she took in the whole scene at a glance.

"Where can she have gone?" she murmured, a perplexed note in her voice. "I am sure that I heard her in here, singing, less than ten minutes ago."

Suddenly, her attention was arrested by a slight movement of the couch-draperies. A knowing expression crossed her face, and she hurried quietly to the couch. Kneeling, she thrust a slim hand beneath the folds, and grasped a small, slippered foot. There came a muffled scream.

"Bettina, come out a once," ordered Mrs. Nelson, emphasizing her command with a determined tug. "You went into that jam after I told you not to, and you must be punished."

"Mamma, I *didn't!* And 'sides, I'se playin' a game under here. Why you think I ate your ole jam?—We-ell, I'se comin'—just gimme time. Ouch!"—at a particularly urgent jerk.

Cautiously, there slid into view two tiny feet, a pair of chubby pink legs, a small pink-clad body, and a head covered with tousled flaxen curls. But Bettina lay on the floor, face downwards.

"Get up, and come with me," ordered her mother.

"What you treat me so bad for, mamma?" whimpered Bettina, slowly rolling over and standing up.

Mrs. Nelson eyed the small culprit, and her mouth shout with a click that reminded Bettina of her beloved daddy's silver match-safe.

"I tell you, I'se just playin' a game under the couch, and I isn't had a speck o'—"

At this a firm hand descended on her shoulder, and Mrs. Nelson whirled her daughter around to face a big mirror. A rumpled, dusty, pink-clad figure confronted them. Cobwebs clung to the short mop of curls. Big blue eyes flashed rebelliously, and tears hung on the long lashes. Around the corners of the red mouth and on both cheeks, there were unmistakable signs of blackberry jam.

Lula Stockard, '21.

AN EVENT

"We will wait here for Dr. Bell," said the nurse kindly, as she brought my rolling-chair to a sudden standstill, and softly closed the big glass door behind us. So this was the operating room. My, what a ghostly, spooky place! It was a huge room, with white walls, white frosted windows, white shades, white screens, and white—operating tables. White-clad nurses, and doctors in white coats and aprons, flitted to and fro. Indeed, even the sky looked pale, through the sky-lights far over-head. I felt like a fish removed from its native element and left panting on the sand. Somehow, I had not pictured a scene like this. I must have thought I would rush blindly into an operating room, have my tonsils snipped out, and rush out again, quite well. I clutched the arm of the chair. I could feel the color slowly leave my cheeks; my hands were stone cold, and cold beads of perspiration stood out on my brow.

"Whom are we waiting for?" I asked. My voice quivered, but I swallowed the lump in my throat.

"For Dr. Bell, who is going to put you to sleep," the nurse said, smiling down upon me.

I wondered how she could look so composed and so utterly indifferent. I admired her spunk. I took a long breath and braced up. The room was filled with steam from the sterilizing room. There was a faint odor of carnations and ether. I felt faint, my feet were numb. Everything was quiet, except for an occasional groan from the direction of the sun parlor, or the *bump, bump,* of the elevator as it stopped and the door swung open on squeaking slides. The doctors and nurses were talking in subdued whispers. I wondered if they were talking about me— No, indeed, I wasn't scared! I gave that look to a doctor who passed and winked at me.

Then my attention was drawn to a tall, dark-clad figure striding down the corridor. As he reached the door, he paused, threw his cigarette into a basket, opened the door quietly, and beamed upon me, saying jovially, "Well, are you ready for the flight?"

I grinned bravely, and, clutching at my wildly, beating heart, nodded assent.

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22.

EDUCATION

"Tom!" a gentle voice floated out to Tom, who, with two companions, slouched lazily on the front steps. The soft, hazy twilight of an early spring day was slowly falling. The balmy air was filled with laughter and screams of children playing in the village streets. Frogs croaked the arrival of

spring and a few early fire-flies glowed here and there. Silence fell on the three lounging figures, dimly outlined in the gathering dusk. But nothing more was heard of the voice from inside, and presently their mumbling continued in softer tones.

"Tom! O-o-o-oh Tom! Tom Brown. Where are you? Answer me!"

A trio of groans arose. "Better answer her this time, Tom. She doesn't sound so sweet now."

"Yessum."

"Come in this instant! It's almost eight o'clock and you haven't opened a book!"

"All right'm."

"Ain't it th' limit for a boy to have to study on a evening like this! You-all meet me at Jones' Corner in the morning at quarter to nine. Hear?"

Tom pulled himself together and shuffled lazily into the house. As he entered the living-room, his green eyes blinked and his sulky face squinted. The big chair closest to the table moaned as he flopped his inert body into it. He leaned over and dragged some tattered books from the table, dropping one or two as he did so. Opening a dirty red book, he idly fluttered the leaves. Presently, two long legs pushed two big feet straight out in front, and two muscular arms stretched out. The bushy red head fell backward and the big mouth swallowed the rest of the face.

"Oh," groaned Tom, running a grimy hand through his tousled hair, "I sho' do wish folks were born educated!"

Ellen C. Seawell, '21.

SPRING GARDENING

Mrs. Brown sat in a rocking chair under the shade of the large maple tree, knitting. She was a plump, round-faced little woman, with kind gray eyes, and smooth bands of brown hair combed down over her ears. She was knitting rapidly, with apparently no thought of anything but her work, yet now and then she would raise her eyes and let them rest for a minute on Teddy, the handsome little four-year-old boy playing near her. He was completely absorbed in his work. Digging small holes in the ground with his chubby, brown hands, he stuck in chicken feathers, and with his dirty little bare feet pressed the dirt firmly around them. Having used all the feathers in his box, he went over to the near-by spigot, filled his small red bucket with water, and carefully watered every feather.

At last, Mrs. Brown's curiosity at the actions of the little blue-overalled figure was more than she could stand.

"Teddy, what in the world are you doing?"

Teddy put one wet, dirty little hand in his curly black hair, and said, with a tired sigh, as he raised his serious brown eyes to his mother's, "I is doin' to raise shickens. I'se planted the feathers so I'll have some little biddies for Easter—and I is *so* tired!"

LILLIAN JORDAN, '22.

NEWS NOTES

March 6. Joy unspeakable! Seniors out of quarantine! First basket-ball game with Peace representatives.

March 13-15. Peace Institute sent four delegates to the State Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Training Council held at Meredith College.

March 12-16. We were ably represented at the Student Volunteer Convention at Davidson, by three members of our student body.

March 25. The end of spring vacation! The campus began to look as it had formerly looked. Excited voices rang out: "Hey! Glad to see you! Had the best time in the world!"

April 4. This sunshiny Easter suited the mood of the Peace girls, bedecked in their Easter frocks and Easter flowers.

April 5. The majority of the Peace girls attended a hard-fought baseball game at State College.

April 7. We attended the Ganz-Lazzari concert, the last attraction of the series presented by the Rotary Club of Raleigh. All these concerts have proved a treat to us.

April 8. This was a busy and exciting day of days. Half of the girls, the very ardent suffragists, attended the Democratic convention.

Probably the most exciting baseball game of the season occurred in the afternoon between State College and Carolina. State College won and gave us the largest serenade that we've had this year.

April 10. The Juniors had charge of everything this evening. They gave the Seniors a reception. After the guests had gone down the receiving line, they were served with delicious punch in the parlor. Before the evening was over, each girl had a chance to propose to each boy. Don't be alarmed, it was only in fun. After the proposals, a salad and ice course was served. At a late hour, the "good-nights" were reluctantly said.

April 16. Mrs. Dowell, our former voice teacher, came back and delighted us with several selections during our chapel exercises.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

And now at last the time was here,
  The long-planned time of pleasure;
But the Juniors rushing up the stair
    Did not have time for leisure.

Some in the kitchen making punch,
  Some cutting up the bread;
Some fixing salads for the lunch,
  Some wishing they were dead.

The central hall we decorated
  With ferns and violets sweet;
On parlor walls we elevated
  Fresh ivy quite complete.

Eighteen lovely palms we rented,
  To decorate the rest.
All were helping, none resented,
  To make it a success.

Our cheeks were pale, our hair not fluffed,
  Our aching bones were weary;
Our hands were rough, our eyes were puffed,
  And everything was dreary.

How we did envy our grave guests,
  The Seniors dignified,
Who lay in bed to take their rest,
  That they might not be tired.

Their hair was up on curlers fine,
  Their nails, all polished bright;
Their silks and satins in a line,
  All waiting for the night.

When they had taken sweet repose,
  How lovely they would look;
And, after they had caught the beaux,
  We'd hide, off in some nook.

But be consoled, oh Juniors brave!
  For next year we shall doze.
Another class shall be the slave,
  And we shall catch the beaux.

—D. A., '21.

JOKES OUT

Ruth: "There are some people at home, who don't eat any meat."

Sprunt: "Well, they must be vegetarians."

Ruth: "No, they are not. They are perfectly good Baptists."

"Miss McLelland makes us carry umbrellas in the daytime when the sun shines, to keep the freckles away, but I don't see why she makes us carry them at night when the moon shines."

"You don't? Well, I do. She is afraid the moonshine will make sparks in our eyes."

Laura Page (rushing into a roomful of girls): "Did you know Miss Graham is going to ship the steam-pipe at the laundry, for smoking?"

Louise Graves (answering roll-call in class): "I don't know whether I'm present or not."

A girl who had just returned from Spring holidays: "Did you have a good time at Miss Graham's house party?"

Helen Lonon: "Yes, indeed, we ar-r-r-r-ked and par-r-r-rked and pulled a par-r-r-r-rty every day."

Miss Burwell: "Girls, here is a picture of Beethoven's mother and father. The one at the top of the page is his mother."

English clippings: "Please send me your rates for a front room with bath per week."

"On the east side of the building is a large room for patients containing twelve white single beds.

Miss Reid: "What is *politesse?*"
A brilliant student: "It is the chief food of France."

WANT ADS

Wanted: Every afternoon, a baseball game at State College.—Miss Kirkpatrick.

Wanted: A few more minutes.—Tyne Johnston.

Wanted—A Perfect Day.—Susie Monroe.

Wanted: For Governor, Miss Graham.—Peace Suffragists.

Wanted: Some new Red Seal records for Mary Rozier Norment's Victrola. This is for the social enjoyment of Peace Institute, so please contribute.

Wanted: To teach gym (Jim) in a country village. Apply to Lena Lineberger.

Wanted: For Mr. Brawley, a prepared speech, with no words used more than once in the entire discourse. — Peace girls.

"I 'ont a booful, sweet girl wif hair and eyes like Marfa's, 'n I 'ont care wevver' she's large or small, jes' so she looks affeletic."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

If Rena were Young, would Elizabeth be Long?

If Edith were a Hen an' ant (Hinnant), would Lucy Coop-er?

If Mary were Brown, would be Edna be White?

If Margaret Sprunt were a Hall, would Catharine be a Brewer?

If Katharine bought a Carr, and Claribel a Fountain, would Carrie Cheath-'em?

If Dorothy were an Alder-man, would Eugenia treat her Fairley?

If Clara were Wood-all, would Sadie be a Living-stone?

If Miss Louisa could Reid, would Miss Harriet Byrne?

If Evelyn's Fish-burn, would Nannie Burwell's Crow?

FAMILIAR "VOICES OF PEACE"

Isabel: "Ikie's up."
Mary Rozier: "I'm just about to die."
Agnes: "There's one thing I woon't do, fuss."
Bennie: "One, two, one two—whoof-whoof— Let's go!"
Martha: "Hello, dear! How are you?"
Lucy: "I've lost something, but I don't know what it is."
Lena: "She's so sweet. I'm gonna marry her, sure."
Miss McLelland: "You're nothing in the world but babies. Don't even know when to take umbrellas."
Emma-Kate: "The mis-chief!"

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